AN APOLOGY FOR LOVERS.

OR

A *Diſcourſe* of the *Antiquity* and *Lawfulneſſe* of *LOVE.*

By Eraſtophil, *no* Proſelyte, *but a* native *of that* Religion.

Fælices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.
Horat. ad Lydiam. Ode, 13.

London, Printed in the year, 1651.

TO

My Dearest Sister, Mrs. M. W.

My Dearest Sister,

WHat I long since promised I now perform, if a thing imperfectly slubber'd over, and in haste, may merit

the name *of a* performance: *but for that as I* acknowledge *the* debt, *ſo I look upon you as an* eaſie Creditreſs, *and not ſo* ſcrupulous *as to refuſe* payment, *becauſe it comes in* clipt *and* broken money. *'Tis true, I have* ſometimes *heretofore* thought *of it, but thoſe* thoughts *periſht almoſt in the very* conception *without producing any thing, unleſs it were ſome few rude* lineaments, *and which I ſhould call the* rough draught *of this* diſcourſe, *but that I ſhould be* injurious *to it* as it is now, *by* robbing *the* thing *of its* apellation; *although I am* perſwaded *the* conceptions *concerning this* ſubject,

ſubject, *being ſo* exceeding fine, *and having ſo little* commerce *with* ſenſe, *are not to be* expreſt *to the* life *by the moſt* curious Pencil, *much leſſe by ſo* uneven *an* hand *as mine*, *but are like to thoſe which* Apelles *is ſaid to have* drawn *when he* contended *with* Protogenes, Lineas viſum effugientes: *however* deliniated, *it is yours by a double* relation; *both becauſe I know you to be* (and me thinks there ſhould be no one of ſo little humanity as not to be) *a* friend *to* lovers; *and* next *becauſe it is a* task *which I had not* undertaken *but upon your* aſſignment, *and ſo in* both reſpects *moſt properly* belonging

to you. For a conclusion, I wish you all the joys of Love, of Youth, and Health, and what ever Happinesse else is to be found in this World, and in the next, eternal and everlasting Felicity.

Your most affectionate

Brother and Ser-

vant.

Erastophil.

To my worthy friend the Author on his *Apology for Lovers.*

I'*Ve ſeen thy* fair Deſign, *and I approve*
Thy each part, *like the firſt great* Act *of* Love,
When fire *purſu'd, and* water *ſtood at Bay,*
Heat *fought with* cold, *and* darkneſs *with the* day:
When Nature *was all* tempeſt, *when no* Cheek
Had ſmiles, *nor were there* lips *to* kiſs *or* ſpeak:
When unfledg'd Cupid *had no* wings *to* flie,
Nor were his ſhafts *plac'd in the* killing eye,
Love *calm'd the* Chaos, *and reduc'd the* brawl,
Into a good, a great, and glorious
ALL. Thus

Thus friend *thy* pen *transcribes*
his draughts *above*.
And every line *runs* parallel *with*
Jove.
Something alike *in* both my *fancy*
finds,
He work'd on matter, *thou dooſt work*
on minds.
Love was his creature, *but thy* ward:
nay thou
Art more then Guardian *to that*
paſſion *now*.
He *in a* larger volumn *did ex-*
preſs
His admir'd flame, *thou doeſt it in*
a leſs:
And thought thy narrow Trace *may*
not contend
With his vaſt courſe, *yet* both *con-*
ſpire in th' end;
To the ſame point *of* union *thou*
doſt run,
Thy Heliotropes *do imitate their*
Sun.

Me

Me thinks I ſee the ſoul *like*
ſome courſe fire
Ally'd to Coal, *inſlav'd with a* de-
ſire
Of pelf *and* ſtock, *ſo that her noble*
flame
Feeds on cheap chips, *and* ſtuff *be-*
neath her name.
Health *to thy* brave deſign, *that*
would tranſlate
Our Spirits from this durty Kit-
chin-ſtate,
And fix them in a heaven, *where*
eys *with* eys,
And beams *with* beams *may* twiſt
and eternize.
Why ſhould we doat on traſh? *and ſo*
miſplace
That on the Fan, *which is due to*
the face?
Stars *mix with* ſtars, *and trouble not*
the earth,
Leaſt it ſhould interpoſe *and* ſoil
the Birth.

T'wou'd

'Twould fright the Mother, *did*
the Childs aſpect
But figure *that*, *moſt* fathers *do* af-
fect,
And well ſhe might miſtake *her ſelf*
a Mint,
Did ſtamp Philippo's, *and bring*
forth in Print
We ſhould have children *ſa. d l.ke*
Duckatoons,
And like George riding too, *out of*
the Wombs.
Such indirect affections *I can* pitty,
And juſtly *may* bequeath *them to*
the City:
There without Love, Gold *onely*
hath the Name
They have the Fuell, *but they want*
a Flame.

Eugenius Philalethes.

To my dear Brother, upon the publiſhing of his Apologie for Lovers.

I Thank thee for this *Credit*, thou haſt done
A *Stock* of *ſuper-erogation*:
Now I may *run upon the ſcore*, and ſay,
My *Younger Brother* will the *reck'ning pay*;
Thou *mak'ſt up* what I *want*; I now may *play*
The *Fool*, and *Elder-Brother* ev'ry day,
And yet be born with; for though my *Scale's light*,
It well may *paſſe*, becauſe thine's *over-weight*.
But is't impoſſible I ſhould be *ſcrew'd*

T'a

T'a higher *pitch* more near thee?
Am I *mew'd*
Unto a **N***e plus ultra*, nor can find
Some way to *Elevate* my *ſlaggiſh mind?*
Am I ſo *ſottiſh*, or ſo little *kin*
To *Thee*, that *Emulation* cannot win
Upon my *Genius*, nor *reſemble* it,
In *ſome* proportion to thy lofty wit?
It will not be: Nor can a man invite
(On any tearms) an *Æthiop* to look white.
Where didſt thou get (my dear *Eraſtophil*)
This *huge* advantage? I did *climb* the Hill
Of *Nature* firſt: but now (in all beſide)
Thou haſt *out ſtript* me the whole *Heaven-wide.*
Sure there's a different *ſtuff* in Thee and Me;

Or

Or is't the Fate of *firſtlings*, that they be
Eſſayes and *rough caſts*, which the following *draughts*
Exceed far more then do the ſecond Thoughts.
I'me but thy *Hench* boy, and thy *Harbinger*,
The *Prologue* to thy day, thy *morning ſtar*;
Nay to ſpeak *truth*, thou art ſo much *alone*,
That there's betweene us no *compariſon*.
Nor can my verſe *commend* more then the *Gown*
On *Horſeback* did that *Otaconſticon*,
That would *demonſtrate* his new ta'ne degree
To his *admiring* friends in the *country*.
Yet fear not, thou ſhalt have thy *due* applauſe.

The

The great *Eugenius*, who knows
natures laws,
And can tie *love knots* there, he who
held forth
A *candle* to the *world*, approves thy
worth,
And Deigns to *Vsher* in thy *Virgin*
muſe;
So did the noble *generous* Romans
uſe
To grace their friends, as *Scipio* for
his brother,
Wore a *blew coat*, for his own ſon
another.

F. W.

AN APOLOGIE FOR LOVERS.

Gen. 29. verſ. 20.

And Jacob *ſerved* ſeven *years for* Rachel, *and they* ſeemed *to him but a few* days, *for the* love *he had unto her.*

CErtainly, if *man* could ever have *brooked Solitude*, or beene *happy in* himſelfe, without the *Society* of another, it was the

in

in the *ſtate* of his *Innocency*, when his *underſtanding* was *clear* and *unclouded*, his *Will indifferent* and *unbyaſſed*, his *affections regular* and *obedient*, and in a *word*, all the *faculties* and *powers* of his *ſoule healthfull* and *undiſeaſed*; for having ſo *abſolute* a *command* over *himſelf*, ſo *vaſt* a *Seigniory* and *unlimited Empire* over the *creatures*, it was not to be *expected*, that his *condition* ſhould be more *independent* than then it was or *himſelf* better able to *ſubſiſt* without *ſupply* from any other: yet even *then*, amidſt *all* theſe *perfections* he was *imperfect*, amidſt *all* theſe *riches*

es

es he was in *poverty*, there was *ſomething* wanting to *compleat* his *happineſſe*, for ſo God himſelfe, his *Creator*, (who *made* him of the *duſt*, and *formed* him of the *Clay*, and muſt therefore beſt *know* his *temper* and *compoſition*, and what was moſt *requiſite* and *beſt* for him) *pronounced*, and that after a moſt *deliberate Conſultation* held *there* by the *Vnity*, as in the *chapter* before, when he *created* him by the *Trinity*, not *improbably* to *ſhadow* forth and *adumbrate allegorically* that *Vnity* and *ſelf-ſameneſſe*, (as I may ſo tearm it) that *ought* to be in this *great* and

neer Relation; God I ſay himſelf *pronounced* of *him*, *Non eſt* bonum, *It is not* good *that the* man *ſhould be* alone; *I will* make *him an* help *meet for him.*

Some out of *Curioſity* of *Wit* may *perhaps conceit* that the *remedy* here *propoſed* might have *produced* ſome *inconveniencies*, for it is *evident* will they ſay, That had *man continued* in his *firſt Innocency*, his *Obedience* had been *rewarded* with an *Immortality here*, which being *granted*, as it cannot be *denied*, then there may *ariſe* this *Queſtion*, How this *ſmall Globe* of *Earth*, which as *Aſtro-*

Astronomers not only *say*, but unanswerably *demonstrate* to be no *bigger* then a little * *Point*, compared to the Universall *Globe* of the *World* (as the most *ignorant* themselves would *confesse*, were they but *capable* of conceiving the reason) should have been ever *able* to have *held* and *contain'd* so many infinite *millions*, and *vast* numbers of *people*, as we must necessarily *imagine*, would have been, had the *propagation* of *mankinde run* still on, *exempted* from the stroke of mer-

* *Punctum est in quo vivitis, in quo regna disponitis, in quo bella geritis.* Seneca in Præfat. ad Nat. Hist.

merciles death, and *unbrid'd Lawes* of *Mortality*; or if wee *suppose* it might have *held* them, because we see a *few Acres* will *contain* a *multitude* of *persons*, yet how they should *ever* have been *able* to have *liv'd one* by *another*, we do not *see*: Again *whether* there might not have bin a *cure* more *apt* and *apposite found* out against the *want* of *company*, then the *Creation* of *woman*; *perhaps* if there had *been* such a *set* and *definite* number of *men* only *formed*, as would have *serv'd* to have *peopled* the *whole* earth, which would have *remedied* the *inconvenience* before-

men-

mentioned ; Furthermore, which might *likewiſe* not *unfitly*, will they ſay, and without *violence* be *drawn* into *queſtion*, Whether *friendſhip* betwixt *man* and *man*, or *conjugall Love* betwixt *man* and *wife* be more *agreeable* and *gratefull* to *humane Nature*, or better *ſatisfie* the *intention* for which *Woman* was *created*, which is here *expreſt* to bee for a *remedy* againſt *ſolitude* ; but theſe are *ſubjects* fitter for the *anxious enquiries* of *Philoſophers*, then the *humble beliefe* and *credulity* of *Chriſtians* ; leaving them *therefore*, and other the like *quæries* to *Diſputants*

putants and *Polemicks*; let it *ſuffice* us that we have *here* God Almighties *Probatum eſt annexed* to this *cure*, and no other, and *ought* therefore to *conclude* it of all other the *beſt* and moſt *ſoveraigne*. But I *paſs* on to the *Text* it ſelfe, in which we have theſe *parts* conſiderable.

Firſt, *here* is the *Lover*, or after our *modern phraſe*, the *ſervant Iacob*.

Secondly, *here* is the *penance* ſerved.

Thirdly, *here* is the *aggravation* of the *penance* from the *length* of *time*, *viz*. *Seven years*.

Fourthly, *here* is the *object* of

of his *love* and *affections*, or *according* to the *mode* of *Lovers*, his *Mistress*, *Rachel*.

Fifthly, *here* is the *wonder*, and they *seem'd* to him but a *few dayes*.

Sixtly and lastly, *here* is the *cause* rendred, which being once *known*, the *wonder* vanisheth, and *ceaseth* to be any longer a *wonder*, *viz*. *He loved her. And* Jacob *served* seven *years for* Rachel, *and they seemed to him but a* few days, *for the* love *he had unto her*.

I shall *take* a *view* of the *parts* severally as they lye in *order*, and *first* therefore of the *first Branch* of the *Text*, the *Lover Iacob*, brought in

here

here by way of *connexion* with the *ſtory* precedent, *viz.* *And* Jacob *ſervea* ſeven *years* *for* Rachel, &c.

They that have *taken* upon them to *paſſe Cenſures*, and *make Obſervations* upon the *various* and *uncertain* diſpoſitions of *mankind*, *affirme* that ſuch *minds* as are not either *Religious*, or *Philoſophical*, or *Amorous*, are *ſordid* and *earthy* diſpoſitions, altogether *unworthy*, as having nothing of *nobleneſſe* or *generoſity* in them; but *here* we have a *concatenation* of them in this our *Amouriſt*, they are all *three* linkt together: for his *Piety* and *Religion*

gion it is *throughout* this *whole* book of *Geneſis conſpicuous*; and for his *learning* and deep *knowledge* in *Phyloſophy*, we have amongſt others a *notable inſtance* in that *politick invention* which hee uſed to *inrich* himſelf, and *impoveriſh Laban*, upon the *contract* which he made with him, which *ſhewes* that he was no *ſuperficial*, and meer *notionall Phyloſopher*, but had *conjoyned experiment* with *reaſon*, and that of the moſt *abſtruſe* and *higheſt* nature, for ſuch is the *knowledge* of the ſtrange *power* and *miraculous effects* that *are*, and *may* be *wrought* by

by *imagination*: but *omitting* him in *both* these *capacities*, of a *Divine* and a *Scholler*, I shall *onely consider* him in the *quality* of a *Lover*, for with that *aspect* onely he looks upon me in this text, *And* Jacob *served* seven *years for* Rachel, *and they* seemed *to* Him *but a* few dayes *for the* Love *he had unto her*.

Every *Breast* is not an *Altar* fit for *Love* to *sacrifice* upon, nor every *Soul* a *Shrine worthy* of so *great* a *Saint*: No, the *Altar* must be *first consecrate*, and the *Shrine hallowed* and *purified* before this *Deity* be there *Lodged*. There are to make a *Lover*,

peculiar

peculiar conditions required, of which *every* one is not *capable* of the *performance*. *Love* is not an *Artifice*, or a *Disguise* that can be *assumed* and *left* off at *pleasure*, but like *Vertue* ceaseth to *be*, when it is once *dissembled*. It is *Nature* that must *mould* a *disposition* for a *Lover*; and that you may not *mistake* him, he hath *usually* (as Artists tell us) these *Markes* whereby you may *know* him.

First, he is *mild* and *gentle* expressing in his very *countenance*, *modesty* and *simple vertue*. It may *beget wonder* in any one that shall *seriously*

ly

Iy and *attentively* conſider, how *exceedingly* much *nature* is *delighted* with *variety*, how ſhe *playes* and *ſports* her *ſelf* in it, *hence* it is, that amidſt ſo many *thouſand* faces of *men* and *women* (not to *mention* the *diſparities* which are in other *creatures*) there is ſo *great* and *ſtrauge diverſities* outwardly *expreſt* in their *countenances* and yet the *inward diſcrepancy* and *diſagreement* of their *minds* is farre *greater*, and this is the *reaſon*, that *one* and the *ſame thing* enters mens minds *cloath'd* in a different *habit*, and is *repreſented* with ſo much *advantage* by

by *ſome*, and *diſadvantage* by *others*, as may be *ſeen* for *example* amongſt *others*, in a *Covetous* man, and a *Prodigal*; *before* whom do but *ſet* a *ſum* of *money*, and *preſently* you ſhall ſee *one* of them with his *eyes fixèd* and *immoveable*, *as if* he were *wonder-ſtruck*, *eagerly gaze* upon the *beauty* of ſo *beloved* an *object*, with which his *very ſoule* ſeems to be *raviſhed*; the *prodigall* on the other *ſide*, he *looks* upon it with no ſuch *eyes*, it *appears* to him no other then a *Maſſe* of *cold*, *pallid*, *ponderous earth*, and is ſo *far* from being in *love* with it, that he thinks

thinks the very *ſight* of it wil *contaminate* him, but is ſo far *aſſured*, that he dare *ſwear* the *touch* of it would *defile* him: *betwixt* theſe two *extreams* is the *Provident* and *frugal* man placed, who *looks* upon it *neither* ſo *careleſly* as the *one*, *nor* ſo *greedily* as the *other*. So we have *here one* and the *ſame thing* yeelding a *different reliſh*, according to the *diverſity* of the *taſters palates*. Inſtances of this nature are *infinite*, but to *reſume* our *diſcourſe*, I ſay with *Charron* in his *Book* of *Wiſdome*, "That for the moſt "part, the *face* is the *ſoul abre-* "*viated*; her very *pattern* and

image

"*image*, in which is *placed*
"her *Escutcheon*, with many
"*quarters*, representing al her
"*titles* of *honour*, being set in
"the *gate* and *fore-front*, to the
"end *men* may *know*, that this
"is her *abode* and her *Pallace*.
And although this *Rule* is sometimes *fallible*, yet it *holds* generally *true*, and therefore it was wel *answered* by *Socrates*, and like a Phylosopher, who when his *friends* (that were well *acquainted* with his *Vertues*, and *greatly* had them in *admiration*) were *angry* with a certaine *Physiognomist*, for saying he was *blockish*, given to *Wine*, and to all *manner* of *vices*, 'Tis very

very *true* (ſaith he) what he *ſpeaks*; for ſuch a *one* I was by *nature*, and *ſhould* have been, had not the *ſtudy* of *Phyloſophy* and good *letters* *weeded* out and *eradicated* thoſe *vitious inclinations*. But to *fit* the *garment* to the *body*, and the *Dyal* to the *Meridian*, to *apply* what hath been *ſpoken* in *general*, to our *lover* in *particular*, we read in the *hiſtory* of his *nativity*, that Jacob was a *ſmooth* man, and as his *complexion* was, ſuch was his *diſpoſition*, calm and *ſerene*, ſmooth and *even*, as there was no *tempeſt* in his *looks*, ſo neither was there in his *breaſt*, all was quiet

quiet there and in *tranquility*: *contrary* to him in *all* things was his *Brother* Esau being of *body hairy* and *rugged*, and of *mind* fierce and *violent*, a *man* of an *untamed heat*, and every way *unfit* to *make* a *Lover*; neither do I *find* that he was ever *guilty* of so much *humanity*; indeed I *read* that he was a *Polygamist*, and had *more wives* then *one*, as namely *Iudith* the *daughter* of *Beeri* the *Hittite*, and *Basemath* the *daughter* of *Elon* the *Hittite*, which were as the *text* saith, a *grief* of *mind* unto *Isaac* and to *Rebekah*, and *afterwards* a *third Malahath daughter* to

Iſhmael, when he *ſaw* the *others* were nothing *pleaſing* to his *father* and *mother*; but you wil *ſay*, if this were his *crime*, yet he had that *comfort* of *miſerable* perſons, *company*, and which doth *greatly alleviate* his *brothers* too, whom herein you ſhall *find* as *faulty* as *himſelf*: but do you *think* in good *earneſt*, to *do* a thing *voluntarily* with *election* and *premeditation*, and to be *inforced* to it by *affection* the ſtrongeſt *motive* in the *world* having been by Laban ſo *notoriouſly deluded*, after ſo *many* years *ſervice* and *ſufferings* makes no *alteration* in the *caſe*? nay what will you ſay after

after all this, if I *make* it *appear*, that he had no other *wife* beſides *Rachel*? for of this *opinion* are the *Caſuiſts*, who ſay, that the *conſent* which proceedeth ſo from *errour*, that the *errour* gives *cauſe* to the *conſent* (whether it be *error* perſonæ of the *perſon*, as in this *caſe*, or *Conditionis* aut *qualitatis* ad *eſſentiam conjugij* pertinentis, of the *condition* or *quality* belonging to the *eſſence* of *Wedlock*, ſuch as is mentioned *Deut.* 22.20. and which *Ioſeph ſuſpected* of the *bleſſed Virgin*) ſuch *conſent* ſay they is *void* and to be *accounted* for *none*, and conſequently no *marri-*

age, for in that, as in all other *contracts* the *consent* of both *parties* must *precede* and *go before*: and this *consent* must be *voluntary* or else it is not *Consensus Humanus*, the *consent* of a *rationall creature*; if it be asked, why he *retain'd* Leah afterwards? I answer, as his *concubine*, and not as his *wife*, which that age then *dispenced* with, for I cannot think but that *herein* he would *imitate*, the *pious* example of *Abraham* and *Isaac*, who were both *Monogamists*, the *latter* not having so much as a *concubine*. But whether am I *digrest*, while I *pursue* the *[illegible]ling* notions too *farre*? I shall

ſhal *onely add* thus much further and *return*. Theſe two *brothers* ſo different in their *diſpoſitions*, me thinks are no unfit *allegory* of *reaſon* and *paſſion*, or *policy* and *ſtrength*, in which we ſee the *great advantage* that *reaſon* and *policy* hath over *paſſion* and *brutiſh ſtrength*; for indeed therein *beaſts* properly *excell*: and therefore it was *foretold* by God at their *nativity*, that the *elder* ſhould ſerve the *younger*; for *paſſion* is in every man *elder* then *reaſon*, for he is firſt a *ſlave* to *paſſion*, before he *comes* to be a *ſubject* to *reaſon*, and though *Kingdomes* and *Dominions* are uſually

gain'd by the *ſword*, yet they could never *ſubſiſt* without good *laws* and *adminiſtration*, the *nerves* and *ligaments* of all *Common-wealths*, which *proceed* from that ſupreame and *ſoveraign* part of man his *intellect* and *underſtanding*, to which onely the *Throne* is *due*, and to which all the other *faculties* ought to be *ſubordinate*. But I *proceed* to the *ſecond Symptome* whereby *nature* diſcovers a *Lover*, and that is, that he is of a *great*, but withall a *mercifull* ſpirit, herein *reſembling* God Almighty himſelf, who as he hath the *greateſt power* to *puniſh*, ſo he hath the *greateſt*

mercy

mercy to *forgive*, which as it *proceeds* from God out of his infinite *love*. and *goodneſſe* to his *creatures*, ſo it doth *likewiſe* from a *Lover* out of that *naturall* and *innate Sympathy*, which he *beareth* to his *fellow creatures*; for indeed the *lover* is the onely *perſon* of *humanity*, all *others* are but *Lycanthropoi*, meer *Wolves* one to another; for the *proud* man he looks upon others as his *footſtools* and *vaſſals*, the *ambitious* man as his *ladders*, the *covetous* man as his *prey* and *booty*, the *fearfull* man *ſtarts* and *looks* upon others as *bug-bears*, the *envious* perſon he *looks* upon *others* too, but it is a

squint, and as upon his *tormentors*, onely the *lover looks* upon *others* with an *eye* of *compassion*, *acknowledging* even in the *baseſt* and *pooreſt* perſons, the *communion* of *minds* and *mortality*.

The *third mark* which *nature* gives of a *Lover*, is that he is *impatient* of *idleneſſe* and all *occaſions* of *ſloath*. But upon the very *mention* of this, me thinks I *hear* ſome *cry* out, A *Paradox*, and that I *ſin* againſt *experience*, and the *old verſe*, Otia ſi tollas, they *alledge* that *idleneſſe* is the *oyl* which *maintains* and *feeds* the *flames* of *affections*, and that were it once *ſubſtracted*,

Love

Love would instantly *go out*, *perish*, and *die* of it self. But I pray you what a *kind* of *Love* do these men *ideate* and *fancy* to themselves? will you *know*? why truly nothing else but some *loose extravagant* & *wanton heats*, to *attribute* to which the *name* of this most *pure* and *unspotted flame*, were an *impiety* altogether unpardonable; no, when *Love* hath once *taken possession* of the *soul*, when *affection* hath once *inspir'd* it, it presently sets all the *faculties* and *powers* of it on *work*, there is no *room* then, no *place* for *idleness*, every *corner* is *filled*, every *angle* is *repleniſhed*, every *receſſe* is

taken up. How *many* from *meer beasts* and ſavages in a *ſort* (to *inſtance* in *adventitious* & *acquir'd love*, of which we have *examples* as *well* as of *naturall*) hath it *reſtored* to *reaſon* and *humanity*? How many *proud* and *ambitious* men hath it *taught humility* and *obſequiouſneſſe*? How many *fierce* and *cruell minds* hath it *made affable* and *gentle*? How many *ignorant* and *blockiſh* perſons have *become great Schollars*, *Fools Philoſophers*, & *Cowards valiant*, being *inſtructed* by Love, then which there is not a more *excellent Schoolmaſter* in the *World*? Away then

then ye *moroſe* Rigid *Satyriſts*, and *ſupercilious Antiamoriſts*, with your *long Beards* and *ſtarcht faces*; you that can *perſonate Vertue* with ſuch a *counterfeit* and *ſeeming Gravity*, and *like* the *Philoſopher* in *Lucian*, have taught your *browes* the *knack* to *bend* at the *mention* of *Vice*, when indeed for all your *diſſembling* and *hypocritical Vizards* none are more *rotten* and *corrupt* at the *bottome* then your *ſelves*. Moſt *excellently* and *truely* is *Love deſcribed* and *vindicated* from thoſe moſt *falſe* and *unjuſt Aſperſions* ye have *caſt* upon him, by

one

* one whose *Know-*
ledge is *greater* th̄
your *Ignorance.*

* *Barclay in his Icon. animorum.*

"*Vnjustly* (saith he) do *severe*
"men accuse *Love*, and *paint*
"him in a *loose* and *feeble Fi-*
"*gure*, when there is *nothing*
"more *sincere* amongst *man-*
"*kind*, provided that he *burn*
"in just *limits*, and those *rai-*
"*sed* by *Vertue*, and *fire* not
"with an unlawfull *Flame*,
"where he is *forbidden*. And
in another *place*, saith he,
"This *Flame* is *kindled* even in
"*children*, in whom their *in-*
"*nocency* may be a sufficient
"*Apology* for the *purity* of it;
"Nay (saith he, *elsewhere*) you
shall

"ſhall ſee many of the *ho-*
"*neſteſt* kind of *men tormen-*
"*ted* with a *care* (or to call it
"*rightly*) a *love* of ſome
"*Youngmen.* And this *Love*
is a certain tye of *Benevolence*
more *hot* and *violent* then to
be called *Friendſhip*. How *ſo-*
licitous are they? how *feare-*
full leſt they ſhould do any
thing *amiſſe* or *unworthy* of
thoſe *thoughts* and *cares* they
beſtow upon them, that you
may *know* that *Love* is *plan-*
ted in *Worthy Breaſts*? I will
conclude therefore, that ſo *far*
forth is *Love* from *making*
men to become *effeminate*
and *ſlothfull*, that there is not
in the *World* a greater *ſpur* or
ſharper

ſharper *Incentive* to *Noble* and *Heroicall Actions*. Laſtly I might *note* in our *Lover* one thing *more*, and that is that he was a *Younger Brother*, and from thence *infer* (if I ſhall not be *thought* too much to *ſtrain* for this *Inference*) that *Younger Brothers*, as it ſhould ſeem, are more *fitted* and better *diſpos'd* for *Lovers* then *Elder*, *whether* it be that *Nature* takes the *better aym* from her firſt *Aberrations*, *correcting* theſe *Younger Copies* by the *Errata's* of the *former*, or that *Cuſtome* which is a *ſecond Nature* gives them this *Priviledge* and *Advantage*; for being for the *moſt part habituated*

tuated to *ſufferance* and *hard-ſhip*, there *mindes* become *thereby*, as more *gallant* and *reſolute*, ſo withall more *humble*, *pliant*, and *tender*, and *fitter* for *Love* to make his *Noble Impreſſions* in: whereas on the *contrary* ſide, *Elder brothers* being *bred* up with *hopes* and *expectations* of *eſtates* and *fortunes* (though by their *favour*, to ſpeak the *truth* in *behalf* of all *Younger brothers*, neither by the *Lawes* of *God* nor *Man* have they any ſo *abſolute a Birthright*, but that the *Inheritance may* at *any time* with the *conſent* of *Parents*, bee as *lawfully* and as *juſtly diſpos'd* to any *Younger*

ſon,

ſon, as to *them*, or *any* of *them*. And that *this* is no *idle* or *vain Aſſertion*, be pleas'd but to *read* over a *Book* intituled, *The Younger Brothers Apology*, a moſt *excellent Diſcourſe*, and very wel *worthy* the *peruſal* of al *Owners of eſtates* of *Inheritãce* to *rectify* their *judgments* by, *wherein* what I ſay is *fully* and *evidently demonſtrated*, and clear *ſatisfaction* given in the *point*; whereto I might *likewiſe* adde, that throughout the whole *Book* of *GOD*, you ſhall not finde any to whom he *expreſt* a more *peculiar favour* to, then to *yonger Brothers*, as were eaſie to *inſtance* in *Abel*, in *Iacob* here, in

in *Judah*, in *Joseph*, in *Ephraim*, in *Moses*, in *David*, in *Solomon*, and in many others, which I cannot *now* call to *mind*, all *Younger Brothers*) I say Elder Brothers being for the most part *delicately* and *wantonly educated*, and not with that *rigour* and *severity* which the *Younger* are, by that meanes their *mindes* become more *haughty* and *imperious*, and that suits not with a *Lover*, for he must be of a *disposition*, though not *servile*, yet *obsequious* and willing to *suffer* and *endure* any thing whatsoever for his *Mistresse* sake; which brings me to the next *branch* of the *Text*,

The

The *Penance ſerved*, And *Jacob ſerved*.

All *men* by *nature* were *born free*, *Servitude* and *Bondage* was firſt *brought* into the *world* by *Sinne*, and is by the *Civilians* defined to be a *Conſtitution* of the *Law* of *Nations*, by which, contrary to *nature*, one is *ſubjected* to anothers *power*; for *Sin* firſt *inſlaving* his *minde*, his *body* ſoon after came to be *captivated*, for by *ſin* entred *death*, and all other miſeries, both *precedent*, *concomitant*, and *ſubſequent*; and indeed, it was but *juſt* with *Almighty God*, that ſince *man* would not be *obedient* to, but *deviated*

ted and *deflected* from the *rule* of his moſt ſacred & perfect *Will*, whoſe *ſervice* is perfect *Freedome*, that he ſhould be made a *ſlave* to the *unjuſt* and *tyrannicall Will* of his *Fellow-Creature*, which heretofore hath been ſo large and ſo far *extended*, that they had *Vitæ & poteſtatis necem*, abſolute power over *life* and *death*, to ſave and kill at pleaſure, (and afterwards had a very unlimited *Authority* and *Juriſdiction*, untill ſuch time as *Juſtinian* the Emperour in favour of *Liberty*, abrogated the Law ſtiled *Lex Fuſia Caninia*, which was very *rigorous* and *ſevere*, even in the

for-

formalities of *Manumiſſion*) though now it be utterly ceaſt and quite grown out of *faſhion* throughout all *Chriſtian Commonwealths*, and indeed it might be truly called what *Sennertus* doth in another caſe of being born *deafe* and *dumb*, *Miſerandum malum*; for herein the *condition* of *man* was more *miſerable* then that of *Beaſts*, for we do not *ſee* that they *ſerve* one another, only if they *contend*, as it ſometimes happens, the more *impotent* and *weaker* gives *place* to the *ſtronger* and more *excellent*, for herein their *excellency* conſiſts as *properly* as in *any thing* elſe; but

but the miſery of *ſervitude* in man received agravation, from his having reaſon to be ſenſible of it, in all the *circumſtances* which might exaſperate and heighten it. For firſt, the original of it proceeded not from any *Victory* obtain'd by one man over the *reaſon* of another, which might *juſtly challenge* a ſuperiority, ſince therein the *excellency* of man conſiſts, as being thereby diſtinguiſht from a *beaſt*, but from that wherein he is by *beasts* exceeded; ſtrength and ability of *body* and *limbs*; for he upon whom nature had beſtowed the more *ſinewy* and *brawny* arms,

making

making uſe of this *advantage*, fell upon another that was *weaker* then himſelf, *vanquiſht* and *overcame* him, and ſo by this means he became his *captive* and his *ſlave*; afterwards in proceſſe of time, it may be this *property* thus acquired which he challeng'd in him, might either by *gift*, or *ſale*, or *contract*, or ſome way or another, be *transferred* to one *poſſibly* every way *inferiour* to himſelf, and even in this, which was the firſt *cauſe* of his *captivity*. I do not diſcommend *valour*: I deny not but that it is a great *ornament* to any man, and of great uſe too, for that by it, he is *able* to *protect*

tect himſelf in the doing of his *duty*, to countenance *vertue*, and to adde *authority* to it likewiſe: neither will I *deny* but that *nature* may have ſeemed to have *marked* out ſome perſons for *Soveraignty* and *command*, and again others for *ſervitude* and *ſlavery*, by induing the *former* with *Brave*, *Noble*, *Heroick diſpoſitions*, and the others with *Low*, *Servile*, and *Sordid*; for indeed there are *millions* and *multitudes* of *people*, that have nothing of man in *them*, but onely the outward *aſpect*, being otherwiſe little *ſuperiour* or better then *beaſts*, inſomuch that they may ſeem to have

begot

beget that queſtion, whether *beaſts* differed from men *ſpecifically*, or onely *graduallyʔ* I ſay not to *deny* but to *acknowledge* all this, yet we cannot grant *valor* a Prerogative above *reaſon*, being, without this to *govern* it and appoint it its limits, nothing elſe but a *rebellious* and ſtubborn *heat*, for did *beaſts* but equall men in *reaſon*, as they exceed them in *ſtrength*, they would quickly be *maſters* of the *world*, and *turn* man out of that *dominion* which he *pretends* as Lord over the *creatures*, in deſpight of all his *walled Towns*, *ſtrong Caſtles*, and *fortifications*. But not to expatiate

patiate further, I say *liberty* being accounted so *precious*, and so highly *valued* by every one, that *Iacob* quite contrary, being born free, should voluntarily prefer *servitude* before this so *esteemed*, *happy condition*, may *seem* to *most people* very *strange* and *wonderfull*; but I perceive these *Wonderers* are *ignorant* what it is to *Love*, or else they might have *read*, that even *Jupiter* himself, *Rex superum*, the *King* of the *Gods*, was not *ashamed*, as the *Poets* fable, to *assume* the *shape* of a *beast*, and *bellow* like a *Bull* amidst the *fields*, for the *love* of the *fair Europa*; and that

Hercules too, after all his *Labours* and *Conquests*, refused not, even with those *victorious hands* with which he had *performed* such *Wonders*, to hold a *Distaffe*, and *spin* at the *command* of *Iole* his *Mistress*. Such is the *efficacy* and *power* of *all-powerfull Love*, that there is no *Office* so *mean*, no *Danger* so *great*, no *Hazard* so *apparent*, no *Peril* so *imminent*, that a *Lover* will *stick* at, and *refuse* to *undergo*: And *therefore*, what that *great Advãcer* of *Learning* saith in the beginning of those excellent *Precepts* which he *gives* about *moulding* a *mans* owne *Fortunes*, namely, that it is as

hard

hard and *severe* a thing to be a true *Politique*, as to be *truly Moral*; I might *transfer*, and *say*, That it is as *difficult* a matter to be a *true Lover* as either, and that *Love* layeth as *heavy Impositions* as either *Vertue* or *Fortune*: And indeed, what is there that we *highly prize*, that is easily *obtain'd*? Do not we see that *men commit* themselves to the *Sea*, to *Death*, and to a *thousand dangers* to gain a little *wealth* and *riches*, and shall a *Lover* sit still and do *nothing* to *obtain* a *prize* so *excellent* as an *Heart*, a *treasure* so *far* beyond all *treasures*, if we will beleeve *Solomon* (and

he was no unwiſe man) who * *cantic.* ſaith, that * if a man *c.8.v.7.* would *give* all the *ſubſtance* of his *houſe* for it, that it would be *utterly contemned.* Were there no *difficulty* in the *obtaining*, there would be no *pleaſure* in the *injoyment*, for it is *that* which *renders* the *fruition* ſo much the *ſweeter*, ſo *miſerable* is our *Lot* here, that we cannot *reliſh* the leaſt *contentment*, unleſſe it be *ſeaſoned* with the *bitterneſſe* and *acerbity* of *miſery*, *Pleaſure* and *Pain* being by *Iupiter*, as the *Fable* hath it, *inſeparably linkt* together, not by any *means* to be *parted aſunder.* But I *come* in the

next

next place, to the *Aggravation* of the *Penance* from the *lẽgth* of *Time*, viz. *Seven Years. And Iacob ſerved Seven years.*

There are *ſome* who are of *Opinion*, that there is a certaine *hidden* and *ſecret Magicke* in *Number*, and in *ſome* more *eſpecially* then in *others*; this *conceit* ſeemeth to be firſt *deduc't* from the *Pythagoreans*, who were great and *Religious Admirers* of the *Vertues* and *Powers* of *Number*. *Amongſt* the *reſt*, or rather *above* the *reſt*, hath this *Number* of *Seven* been *celebrated*, as to any one who ſhall take the pains to *read* the many *Comments* upon

that *famous* place in *Virgil*, *Oterq; quaterq; beati*, will evidently appear. Frequent *mention* is likewiſe made of it in the *ſacred Scriptures*, eſpecially in *Amos*, where we have it *repeated* no leſſe than *eight times* in the *two firſt Chapters*, where we *read* ſo *often* theſe *words*, For *three Tranſgreſſions*, and for *four*, &c. But I ſhall not make ſo *ſuperſtitious* a *ſcrutiny* into the words, onely from the *number* of the *Years*, which *make* up one *compleat Climacterick*, in which they ſay there are ſo *many* great *Changes* and *Mutations* in *Diſpoſitions* and *Affections*. I ſhall

obſerve

obſerve the *Conſtancy* of our *Amoriſt*, and *commend* it to the *Imitation* and *Practice* of all *Lovers*; for indeed, this is that which *Crowns* all *actions*: and is the *very Touchſtone* to *diſcern* a *ſincere* and *loyal*, from a *masked* & *pretending Lover*. Whoſoever thou art therefore, that *intendeſt* to *enter* theſe *liſts*, *be ſure* to *come* well Fortified and Armed againſt all *Dangers* and *Difficulties* whatſoever, and reſolve either to *Die* or *Conquer*; for *know*, that many may *pleaſe* themſelves with the *Thoughts* of being *Lovers*, till they *come* to *ſuffer*, and then their *Inconſtancy betrays*

the *Weakneſſe* of their *Reſolution*, and *diſcovers the Sandineſs* of the *Foundation* upon which they were *built*: for, how *many* do we *read* of, that have beene *Candidates* and *Probationers*, whom yet the *ſtrictneſſe* of the *Diſcipline* hath *deterr'd* and *frighted* from becomming *profeſt Lovers*? How *many* that have *proceeded* further, yea, ſo *far*, that they have *attain'd* even within *ſight* of the *Haven*, and yet *there*, by an *ill Fate*, have been *ſhipwrackt* and *caſt away*? that have *eſcaped* the *ninth Wave*, and yet have been *abſorpt* and *overwhelmed* by the *tenth*? unfortunately

quit-

quitting the *Siege*, then when if they had *continued* never ſo little longer, the *Fort* had been *yielded* up, and *delivered* into their *Poſſeſſion*? If thou wouldeſt therefore *ſteer* a right *Courſe*, in the middeſt of a *Sea* ſo *tempeſtuous*, ſo *beſet* with *Rocks*, with *Shelves*, and *Quick-ſands*, be ſure thou *avoid Preſumption* on the one *hand*, and *Deſpair* on the *other*, both alike *Enemies* to this Vertue of *Conſtancy*; and though thou doeſt *wait* long, yet *conſider*, that thy *Patience* will at *laſt* be *Crowned* with *Victory* and *Conqueſt*. The *Angler*, though he ſit long in *ſilence* and *expectation* by,

the *Brook-ſide*, yet at laſt drawes up the Fiſh. The *Husbandman*, though he take ſo much *pains* to *plow* and *ſow*, *forcing* the *ſtubbornneſs* of the *barren Earth*, to make it *fertile*, yet at laſt *receives* a *plentifull Crop*, which *pays* him for all the *labour* and *toyl* that he hath *taken*: So thou, if thou continueſt *Conſtant* and *Patient*, though thou mayeſt *meet* with ſome *hinderance* in thy *paſſage*, ſome *difficulties* and *obſtructions* in the way, yet thou wilt *aſſuredly* at the laſt *arrive* at the *Haven* of thy *Deſires* and *Wiſhes*. Come we in the *next place*, to the *Object* of all this

Love

Love & *Affection*, his *Miſtreſs* *Rachel*. And *Iacob* ſerved ſeven years for *Rachel*.

It was the *opinion* of *Ariſtotle*, that the *firſt Monarchs*, and thoſe to whom others yeelded *Subjection*, were ſuch as were moſt *beautifull*, by this *Submiſſion acknowledging* that *Nature* had *indulg'd* and *beſtow'd* upon them a *Priviledge* and *Prerogative* extraordinary *above* and *beyond* others; for certainly, there is in *Beauty* an *awfulneſs* and *Soveraignty*, that *forceth* every one to *ſtoop* to it: for even very *Beaſts* are *ſenſible* of the *power* of it; and without all *queſtion*, it is moſt uſually

an

an *Index* and *ſymptome* of a *vertuous* and wel *diſpos'd ſoul*, and therefore it is ſaid, that *Mores* ſæpe ſequuntur *temperamentum* corporis, the *conditions* oftentimes follow the *temperament* and *craſis* of the *body*: This that *judicious* and *excellent Poet Homer* well knew, for he makes *Therſites* who was *deformed* in *mind* to be alike *deformed* and *miſhapen* in *body*; Now whether *Beauty* conſiſts in a certaine pleaſing *Harmony* and *Symmetry* of *Parts*, which they call *good features*, or in a perfect *mixture* of *Colours* and *Complexion*; or laſtly, which *ſeems* to be a more *immediate efflux*

efflux of the *Soule*, in a certain *Aire* and *taking Garbe* of the *whole*, which *renders* all the *actions graceſull* and *becomming*, is not *eaſie* to *define*, Men *diſagree* ſo *much* about it; neither can we *allow* them for *competent Judges* in this *caſe*; ſo *much* doth *naturall prejudice* corrupt the *judgement* of *every one*: for as ſeveral *humours* are *predominant* in every *body* (which though they be *reduc'd* to *four Heads*, yet are *infinite* in *degree* and *mixture*) ſo are the *Phantaſies* and *Conceits* ſeverally *framed* and *effected* accordingly; hence it is that what *one* man *loves*, another

hates

hates, and again what is *diſ-liked* by him, is *affected* by a-nother; for why elſe do the *Chinoſes* eſteem great *powting lips*, and *flat noſes*, ſuch as we call *ſaddle noſes*, to be the *one-ly Beauty*, when amongſt us it is *held* and *accounted* ſo great a *deformity*? notwithſtanding this *incertainty* of opinion (if I might be *admitted* to give in my *Conjecturall ſuffrage*) I ſhould *aſſigne* the *firſt place* to that which we called the *Air* or *garbe*, the next to the *countenance*, and the laſt to the *complexion*, and indeed ſo great is the *force* of *Beauty* to *beget Love*, and that with ſo much *ardency* and *violence*, that

that we *read* of *many* that have *died* for *love*, becauſe they were *deny'd* the *enjoyment* of thoſe they ſo *paſſionately affected*, ſo we *read* that *Iphis* died for the *love* of *Anaxarete*, *Dido* for *Æneas*, and a great *many more* that I will not now *inſtãce* in; & yet alas without *Vertue*, how *admirable* and *excellent* ſoever *Beauty* be, it is *nothing*, ſo much doth a *vitious* ſoul *within* deform the moſt *beautiful form* & *outward appearance* of the *faireſt body*; for certainly, if according to the *cõceit* of that *famous Opti* & *Vitruvius*, *Nature* had windowed every *breaſt*, the *deformity* of the *minde* would appear

appeare greater and fouler then that of the *body*; and *Vertue*, as *Cicero* hath it, *Mirandos* ſui excitaret *amores*, would *raviſh* all *eyes* with the *ſweetneſſe* and *luſtre* of its *Beauties*, and therefore we *read* of *Socrates*, that though he was very *deformed*, and extreamly *crooked*, and *bunch-backt*, yet his *eyes* were *irradiated* with a certain *ſweet* and *amiable ſplendour* rais'd from his *vertuous ſoule*, wherwith the *beholders* were *marvellouſly delighted*. Seeing then that *Jacob* had ſuch a *Miſtreſſe* indued as well with all *vertuous qualities* as *beautifull perfections*, being as ver-

tuous

tuous as ſhe was faire, and moſt *faire* and *beautifull* amidſt ſo many *vertues*, it is no *wonder* it to *gain* a *jewell* ſo *ineſtimable* (for ſo *Salomon* ſaith in the beginning of that large *Encomium* which he *makes* in *praiſe* of a *good wife*, where he *interrogates* and asks the *queſtion* * Who can *find a vertuous Woman*, for her *price* is far above *Rubies*) he *deſpiſed* his *liberty* and all the *injuries* of the *Climate* and *inclemency* of the *weather*, which by the way let me tell you, was much more *rigorous* and *extream* in *Syria* (as *Geographers* will *inform* us) then it is any where with

Prov. cap. 31. 10.

with us. Now that ſhe was *vertuous* I need not *prove* being every where ſo fully *demonſtrated*, and that ſhe was *beautifull* we have *Divine teſtimony* for our *Authority*, which can neither *erre* nor be *deceived*. Indeed *Lovers* that ſee onely through the *miſts* and *clouds* of their *paſſion*, doe many times *hyperbolize*, ſetting out their *Miſtreſſes elaborately* with *borrowed* & *feigned Metaphors* and *Titles*, *impoveriſhing* every thing to *enrich* them: but of *Rachel* here, though we have no *particular Deſcription*, yet we have her ſet down *Beautifull* and *well-favoured in general*, & one *inſtance*

ſtãce for al in *particular*, even in that which is held to be the chiefeſt Prerogative of Beauty, the *Eye*, the *Sun* that *inlightens* this *little world*, the *window* of the *ſoul*, from whence ſhe *takes* her faireſt & moſt immediate *proſpect*, ſo much we may by *Cõſequence* gather out of the *Text* it ſelf, which we *read* thus, * Now *Leah* was *tender-ey'd*, but *Rachel* was *beautifull* and *well-favoured*; we do not *find* any other *defect* of *Beauty* here, wherewith *Leah* is charged, but onely this, that *ſhe* was *tender Ey'd*, and yet this one *ſingle Blemiſh* is *oppoſed* to being *beautifull* and *well-*

* *Gen.* 29. 17.

fa-

favoured, as it becauſe ſhe *wanted good Eys*, ſhe were neither *beautiful* nor *well-favoured*, the whole *beauty* or *deformity* of the *Face* (as it ſhould ſeem) *conſiſting* in the *having* or *wanting* this *principal part* of *beauty*. But leaving this, I come in the *next place* to the *Wonder*, And they *ſeemed* to him but a *few days*. And *Iacob* ſerved ſeven years for *Rachel*, *and they ſeemed to him but a few days*.

There is no one that by *nature loveth* or *deſireth* that which ſeems *Evil* to him, but *flyeth* from it, and *avoideth* it, and this out of *principles* of *ſelf-preſervation ingrafted* in-

to

to every one; for as St. *Paul* * *Ephes. cap.* 5. *ver.* 26. ſaith, * No *one* ever yet *hated* his *own fleſh*. To *take* away the *Malignity* of a *thing*, and to *render* it *privatively good*, is *much*; but, that *that* which every one *abhorreth* as *evil*, by a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*, ſhould not onely *diſappear* to be ſo, but likewiſe become *amiable* and *pleaſing*, is the *greateſt Wonder*, and muſt needs *proceed* from ſome *ſtrange* and *excellent Cauſe*. Had *Iacob* ſpent theſe *ſeven years* of *Service* with as much *pleaſure* and *contentment* as ever he did when he was *free*, and at his *own diſpoſing*

poſing, why this had been *ſtrange*, ſeeing it *involves* in it a *Paradox*, ſo univerſally contradicted, viz. That *Servitude* is as much to be *deſir'd* as *Liberty*; for, if there be that *Content* and *Satiſfaction* to be *found* in it that is in *Liberty*, why ſhould it not be *alike deſired*? but that there ſhould be in it a great deal more *ſweetneſs* then in *Liberty*, cannot but *beget* a *world* of *admiration*; for this is *analogically* in *effect*, as if *Gall* ſhould not onely *leave* and *forſake* its *bitterneſs*, but become *ſweeter* then *Hony* or *Sugar*: For do not we ſee, how many *Recreations*,

ons, and thoſe *many* of them *ſinfull* too, are daily *invented* and found out, as *Antidotes* and *divertiſements* againſt *Melancholy*, meerly to paſſe *away* and beguile the *time*; for the *truth* is, *time* ſeemes ſo *tedious* to us, that we *know* not what to *do* with it, we are a *weary* of *it*, and it *lies* upon our *hands*, like a *Merchandize* or *Commodity* that we would fain *utter*, but *cannot tell how*, and *therefore* to be *rid* of it ſome *way or other*, we do not onely *ſuffer* others to *ſteal* it from us, but we rob our *ſelves*, and are thoſe *fures temporis*, which *Seneca* ſaith that *Friends* are,

when

when notwithſtanding our *diſeſtimation*, as he *himſelf* tells *Lucilius* in his firſt *Epiſtle*, The thing is ſo *precious*, quod nē *gratus* quidem, *poteſt* reddere, He that *ſtudies Gratitude* never ſo *much*, can never be *ſufficiently Gratefull*; whereas on the *contrary* ſide, to a *buſie Lover*, the *time* ſeems *ſhort*, and the *Years few*; *Seven years time* appears to *Iacob* but a *little time*, and *two thouſand five hundred fifty and ſixe Days* ſeeme but a *few Days* (for ſo *many* upon *computation* you will *find* them, allowing the *Intercalation* of *one day* for a *Biſſextile*, though I am not

igno-

ignorant that the *Iulian accompt* was *many hundred years* after) as if he had not *computed* the *years* by the *Sun*, but by the *Moon* (as some say the years of those *lõg-liv'd fathers* before the *Floud* were) or if by the *Sun*, rather, as it should seem, by his *Diurnall* then his *Annual Motion*, this is *wõderful* indeed & *strange*, & something like to that *Prerogative* of *Gods*, of which Saint *Peter* speaks, * when he saith, that a *thousand years* to him are but as *one day*, for with him *all things*, *past*, *present*, and to *come*, *stand* and remain in the same *station* and *consistency* perpetually, without

* 2 Peter c. 3. v. 8.

out any manner of flux or *alteration*. Come hither then *all ye* that think the time *ſlow*, and the wheels of his *Chariot beavy*, that like * *Iudges* 5. *chap. ver.* 28. the mother of *Siſera* * look out of the *window*, and *cry* thorow the *latteſs*, why is his *Chariot* ſo *long* in *comming*? why *tarry* the *wheels* of his *Chariot*? would you have not *onely* a *lawfull* and *honeſt*, but a moſt *ſweet* and *pleaſing diverſion* to *beguile* the time *withall*, (if I may *call* that a *diverſion*, which is the *nobleſt* and the *greateſt buſineſs*) why *learn* to *love*, retire your *ſelves* into your *ſelves*, *learn*

learn to *know* your *ſelves*, to which *nothing* in the *world conduceth* better then *love*, being the beſt *comment* that was ever *writ* upon that *text* of γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, and that by which it is moſt *illuſtrated*, enter into your *chamber* which is your *heart*, for ſo *St. Auguſtine calls it*, *Cubiculum* tuum, eſt *Cor* tuum, and *ſhut* the *door* after you, and make faſt the *Latteſs*, for as *long* as ye *look* out at the *windows*, as long as ye *look out* of your *ſelvs* to ſee what *faults* ye can *ſpy* in others, ye may *cry long* enough, *Why ſo long?* and *Why tarries?* yee may *oſcitate* and gape, yee

may *ſtretch* out firſt the *one* hand, & then the *other*, but ye are like to *find* but little *eaſe* or *ſatisfaction*, but rather perpetual *laſſitude* and *wearineſs* of *ſpirit*. But I *haſten* to the *laſt part* of the *Text*, *viz.* the *cauſe* of all this *wonder*, which we have *here* rendred in *theſe words*, viz. *for the love he had unto her*, And *Iacob* ſerved ſeven yeares for *Rachel*, and they *ſeemed* to him but a *few dayes*, *for the love he had unto her*.

All *wonder* and *admiration* is *begot* by *ignorance*, and is the *child* thereof; for *that* which we *know* we doe not *admire*, but oneiy that which we

we are *ignorant* of. Hence likewiſe proceeded *Fortune*, being as *Iuvenall* ſpeaks *excellently*, a *Goddeſs* of our *owne* making.

Te facimus fortuna Deam, cæloque locamus.

For when *any thing* happned that was *ſtrange* and *wonderfull*, and for which they could *aſſign* no *reaſon*, that they forthwith *attributed* to *Fortune*; then *Altars* muſt be *built* and *erected* to her, and *Sacrifices* offered, and becauſe her *diſtributions* were ſo very *unequall*, ſhe muſt be *figured* and *painted* blind, when

indeed the *blindneſs* was their *owne*, for *Fortune* is nothing elſe but that *ſerpentine* or *crooked line* of *Providence*, as Dr. Brown * one *Metaphorically defines*, or rather *deſcribes* it; the *other* being drawn *ſtraight* and *evẽn*, and ſo *obvious* to *every eye*: or as the *Schoolmen* more *Logically*, *Fortune* is an *Accidentall cauſe* in *Voluntary Agents*, whereby ſuch *events* doe follow our *Actions* as were neither *foreſeen* nor *intended* by us; for in other *actions* (as I ſaid) the *line* of *providence* is *ſtraight* and *eaſy* to be *ſeen* of *all*, but in this more *tortuous* and *winding*, as

* in his Religio Medici

we

we *know* if we *look* ſtraight a-long a *level* of a great *length*, we may eaſily *ſee* to the *end* of it *becauſe* there is no *riſing* in the midſt to *interrupt* and *obſtruct* the ſight, and therefore *Mathematicians* ſay, Linea *recta* eſt *breviſſima*, but in any thing which is *crooked*, it is otherwiſe, by reaſon that the eye is intercepted by the *tumor* and *unevenneſs* of it; but leaving theſe *digreſſions*, let us now laſtly *come* a little *ſeriouſly* to *conſider* and *examine* the *cauſe* which inſtead of *ſatisfying* our *wonder* as we *expected*, *miniſters* to us *freſh* cauſe of *aſtoniſhment* and *admiration*.

For now me thinks my *Heart* wants *thoughts* to *conceive*, & my *tongue* words to *utter* any thing in the *leaſt meaſure* ſuitable to the *dignity* and *excellency* of this *ſubject*; I muſt therefore with the *Painter* that was to *picture Agamemnon*, a *father* beholding the *ſacrificing* of his own daughter *Iphigenia*, who becauſe he was not able to *expreſs* a *ſorrow* ſo *unconceivable* drew him onely with a *Vaile* over his *face*, thereby better *acquitting* himſelf, then if he had made a *raſh venture*, at that which he *knew* all his *art* came ſo *far ſhort* of *performing*, ſo I *preſume* my beſt

ſanctu-

Sanctuary and *Refuge* here would be *Silence*, ſeeing that whatſoever I ſhall be able to *ſay* or *ſpeak*, will be *nothing elſe*; for what ſhould this be that hath ſo *ſtrange a power* and *efficacy*, as to render the *bitterneſs* of Servitude *ſweet*? to make the *tediouſneſs* of *time* ſeem *ſhort*? that is able to *trample* upon all extremities of *heat* and *cold*, and ſet the *Wind* and *Weather* at *defiance*? Certainly, whatſoever it be, it hath *occaſioned* a great deal of *wrangling* amongſt *Philoſophers*, and ſome of them, as * *Cicero* ſaith of *Velleius*

* Tul. de nat. Deorum Lib. 1.

Epicurus, de *nullo* magis *dubitans*, quam ne de *aliqua* re *dubitare* videretur, doubting of *nothing more* then leaſt they ſhould *ſeem* to *doubt* of any *thing*, and *fearing* leaſt their *ſilence* ſhould *ſeem* to *confeſs* and *acknowledge* their *Ignorance*, have given us a *Deſinition* of it, ſuch as it is, *Love*, ſay they, is an *Appetition* of a *Good* which is *preſent*, if there be an *Appetition* when the *Good* is *abſent*, it is then called *Deſire*: If there be a *poſſibility* of *obtaining* this *abſent Good*, why then it is *Hope*: but how far *ſhort* this comes of giving us any true *knowledge* what *Love* is,

I leave every one to *judge*: For the *truth* of it is, the *Eſſence* of it is not capable of a *definition*, neither is it *demonſtrable* a priori, but we muſt *content* our ſelves with ſuch a *rude Deſcription* of it as we are able to *gather* from the *Effects*, taking an *imperfect* and *ſhort View* from thence.

And here me thinks *Xenophon* gives us ſome *little light* (who as my *Lord of St. Albans* ſaith in his *Advancement of Learning*) obſerveth truly; That all other *affections*, though they *raiſe* the *Mind*, yet they do it by *diſtorting* and *uncomlineſſe* of *extaſies* and *Exceſſes*; one-

ly

ly *Love* doth *exalt* the *mind*, and nevertheleſſe, at the ſame *inſtant*, doth *ſettle* and *compoſe* it; ſtrange, that ſo *different* and *repugnant Effects* ſhould *proceed* and *flow* from *one* and the *ſame Cauſe*; and therefore it is *elegantly* ſaid by *Menander* (ſaith the ſame *Lord of St. Albans* elſewhere) *Amor*, melior, *Sophiſta lavo*, ad humanum vitam; That *Love* teacheth a man to *carry himſelf* better then the *Sophiſt* or *Preceptor*, which he calleth *left-handed*, becauſe with all his *Rules* and *Preceptions* he cannot *form* a man ſo *Dexterouſly*, nor with that *facility* to *carry*

ry and *govern* himſelf, as *Love* can do. Let us give a gueſſe then at the *Cauſe* by the *Effects*, (for that is all we are able to do) and from theſe *gracefull* and *amiable Operations*, imagine and conjecture, how much more *excellent* and *beautifull* that muſt *neceſſarily* be, from whence all theſe *beauties* and *excellencies proceed* and are *derived*; For we *know* the *Old Maxime*, Quod efficit *tale*, illud eſt *magis tale*, That which *makes* a thing to be *ſo*, be it *good* or *bad*, muſt needs be *more*, and in a far greater meaſure *ſo* it ſelfe. Now ſome have *undertaken* to

diſcover

diſcover and find out the *intricacie* of this *involv'd* and *hidden Myſtery*, by ſeveral *Symptomes*, ſome by *one*, and ſome by *another*, as by the *Eye*, the *Pulſe*, &c. Concerning the *Eye* there have been great *queſtions mov'd*, which are the *amourous* or the *loving* Eys? Whether the *dying*, or the *ſmiling*, or the *wild*, ſuch as *Ariſtotle* calls, *in ſani*, the *mad eys?* for all of theſe have *found* their *aſſertors*, who have *tooke* up the *Gauntlet* in *maintainance* and *defence* of them; or again, whether it be *true*, what ſome of the *Platoniſts* held, That the *Spirits* of the *Lover* do

do *paſs* by the *Eye* into the *Spirits* of the *Perſon loved*, which cauſeth the *deſire* of *return* into the *body* whence they were *emitted*? whereupon (ſay they) followeth that *Appetite* of *Vnion* which is in *Lovers*. So likewiſe about the *Pulſe*, Whether there be not a *love-Pulſe*, or a *Pulſe proper* and *peculiar* to diſcover Love by? as wee *read* in *Plutarch*, of *Eraſiſtratus* the *Phyſitian*, that *found out* that young *Antiochus* the ſon of *Seleucus* was in *love* with the *fair Stratonica*, his *fathers Wife*, by the unuſual *beating* of his *Pulſe*; and then again, what kind of *motion*

tion it *cauſeth*, whether, *great* or *little*, *quick* or *ſlow*, or rather *quite irregular*, and *altogether confuſed*, like to that which is *obſerv'd* to be at the *point* of *death*, at *which time* the *Heart* doth ſo *palpitate* and *tremble*, that the *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole* are in a manner *confounded*. This I onely *mention*, to *ſhew* how *hard* a *matter* it is, amidſt ſo many *difficulties* and *diverſities* of *Opinion*, to *ſtate* any thing *aright* concerning this *ſubject*: Give me *leave* therefore to *draw over* the *Curtain* again, and to *leave* it here, ſeeing we may be *rather* ſaid to *admire*, then *know*

know it, as long as we are here upon *Earth*, where we *ſee* but onely in *Ænigmate*, & tanquam *per ſpeculum*, *darkly* and in much *obſcurity*.

To *conclude* then, I ſay, that even *God Almighty himſelf* is moſt *happy* in that he is moſt *loving*, infinitly *loving*, or rather* *Love* it *ſelf* (as *St. John* ſpeaks) & the *Devil* is moſt *unhappy* in that he is not *capable* of this *excellẽcy* and *Divine perfection*. Having therefore the *example* & *pattern* of ſo great a *Patriarch* before us, let no *Lover* hereafter be *aſham'd* to *imitate* it, or *write* after ſo *excellent* a *Copy*, when he reads that *Jacob* ſerved

* 1 Joh. 4. v. 8.

ſerved *ſeven years* for *Rachel*, and they *ſeemed* to him but a *few dayes*, for the *love* he had unto her.

I have now *done* with the *literall* and *Hiſtoricall parts* of the *Text*, I ſhall a little *touch* upon the *allegoricall* and ſo make an *end*; This indeed is the *kernel* and the *marrow*, the other is but the *bone* and the *ſhell*; this is the *ſpirit* that quickneth and giveth *life*, the other is but a *dead letter*; for ſo Saint *Paul* ſaith, *Litera occidit ſpiritus* autem *vivificat*; By *Iacob* therefore is here *meant* every *Chriſtian Militant* upon earth, by the *ſervice* which he *indures*, the *afflictions*

flictions and *croſſes* which he muſt *abide* and *undergoe* in this world; by *Rachel* the *Kingdome* of *Heaven*: By *Seven Years*, the *whole time* of *his life*, which will then ſeeme *ſhort* and *pleaſing* to him, when his *Heart* is *kindled* and *inflamed* with Love towards *God*, and *Charity* towards his *Neighbour*. Let us but a *little conſider* the *vaſt* & *infinite diſparity* and *diſproportion*, betwixt theſe things; and ſurely we ſhall be *aſhamed* to have made the *Compariſon*: For what, ſhall *Iacob* undergo ſo much *ſufferance* and *hardſhip*, and that with ſo great *delight* and *pleaſure*,

for

for a *temporal Reward*? and ſhould not every *Chriſtian* indure much more for an *Eternall* and far more *excellent weight of Glory*? For *alas*, what is this *life*, but a *Stage* & *Scene* of *Miſery* and *Diſcontent*, whereon every one *acts* a *ſad* and *ſorrowfull* part, ſome *more*, ſome *leſs*, but every one hath a *ſhare*. Man is *born* to *Miſery* (ſaith *Job*) as the *Sparks* fly *upwards*, and how *natural* it is for *light bodies* to *aſcend*, ſuch as *ſparks* are, every one knows. What is this *life*, *but a Repetition* of the *ſame things* over and over, or (as * one *ele-*

* *Dr Brown in his Religio medici*

elegantly ſaith) a *Dull retaining* to the *Sun* and *Moon*, we *eat*, we *drink*, we *ſleep*, that we may *eat*, and *drink*, and *ſleep* again; and thus the *Year runs round*: And as the *ſame ſeaſons* return which were before, ſo do we *reiterate* the ſame *follies* again and againe, and yet for all *gaine* no *experience* from thence, or grow a whit the *wiſer*; for, as if we had not *work* enough to do at *home*, we *live* out of our *ſelves*, and *leaving* our own *Houſes*, as we imagine, clean *ſwept* and *garniſhed*, we are *prying* into the *Dirt* and *Imperfections* of others; for indeed, moſt

mens

mens *whole lives* are *in a manner* from *first to last*, nothing but a *lying at the catch* and *advantage*, how they may *undermine*, *surprize* and *destroy* others. Then this man must be *incēsed* to that mans *Spleen*, another *sacrificed* to his *Lust*, a third *Holocaustted* to his *Ambition*, and what is the *reason* of all this? but because there is no *love* in the World, (* totus *Mundus* positus est in *maligno*, as St. *Iohn* saith) nor *scarcely* so much as *Humanity*; Would *men* but *vivere* secundam *naturam*, live according to *Nature*, which is that which *Seneca* so often

* 1 *Iohn* c. 5. v. 19.

inculcates

inculcates in his *Epiſtles*, it were no *hard matter* to *ſatisfy* them.

Vivitur exiguo melius, Natura beatis
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti.

Saith *Claudian*. *Nature* is *content* with a *little*, but mens *ambitious deſires* think it a *confinement* and *conſtraint* to be *bounded* within the narrow *limits* of one *world*, as it was ſaid of *Alexander*,

Æſtuat infælix angusto limite Mundi.

This

This *little, ſcant, diminutive world*, did ſo *crowd* and *crib* up the *young gallant*, that he was not able to turn *himſelf*, but did ſweat again for want of *elbow-room*; what a *Monſter* had this been, if his *body* had been but of the ſame *tumid and ſwelling bulk* with his *mind*? Certainly *Garagantua* had been a *meer Pigmie* to him. It is the *leaſt part* of mens *buſineſſe* now a dayes to *live*, but as *Pompey* anſwered thoſe that diſſwaded him from *putting* to *ſea* in a *ſtorm*, by telling him, that thereby he would *endanger* and run the *hazard* of his *life*, What tell ye me of

life,

life, ſaith he? Neceſſe eſt ut *eam*, non ut *vivam*, There is a *Neceſſity* that I ſhould *go*, but there is no *neceſſity* that I ſhould *live*; that is no part of their *concernment*: when they have got the *whole world* in their *poſſeſſion*, then *perhaps* they will bethink of *living*, as *Pyrrhus King* of *Epirus* told *Cineas*, who ſeeing him ſo eagerly bent to make *war* againſt the *Romans*, took *occaſion* one time when he was at *leiſure*, to ask him, what *benefit* they ſhould *reap* from the *victory*, in caſe they were ſo *fortunate* as *to obtain* it, why (ſaith *Pyrrhus*) doeſt thou not *ſee* that the *Romans*

being once *overcome*, there is an *open* and an *eaſie* way then to *ſuch* and *ſuch*, and ſo great *conqueſts*; and ſo *run* on from *country* to *country*, and *place* to *place*, and *Cineas* ſtill *perſiſting* to *know* what the *better* they ſhould be when all was *done*, at the laſt when he could *go* no farther; Why then good *Cineas* (quoth he) we will be *quiet* and take our *eaſe*, and make *feaſts* every day, and be as *merry* as we can *poſſibly deviſe*, *Cineas* (that had been *Demoſthenes ſcholler* & was a *ſober* and *wiſe* man as well as an *eloquent*) having brought *him* to this *point*, *ſaid* again to him. My

Lord

Lord, what *letteth* us now to be *quiet* and *merry* together, ſince we *injoy* that already without further *travel* and *trouble*, which we will now go *ſeek* for *abroad* with ſuch *ſhedding* of *bloud*, and ſo *manifeſt* danger? and yet we *know* not whether we ſhall ever *attain* unto it, after we have both *ſuffered*, and cauſed others to *ſuffer* ſuch infinite *ſorrows* and *trouble*. But to all this *Pyrrhus* was *deaf*, and would on, till at laſt after many *conqueſts*, he was *knockt* on the *head* in the City of *Argos*, by a *tyle* thrown by a *woman* from the *top* of an *houſe*. But to *proceed* I ſay, that *Na-*

ture (as one well *obſerves*) hath made one *world*, and *Art* another, and the *paint* and *adulteries* of this *latter*, have quite *ſpoiled* the *reall* and *ſolid beauties* of the *former*, it is this that hath *undone* the *good old world*, and left us *nothing* now but an hear-ſay, that there was ever ſuch a *time*, which for its *happineſſe* was called the *Golden Age*, for this that we *now live* in is ſo *wretched*, ſo full of *miſeries*, that *certainly*, did but men *fore-know* them, or could they but *fore-ſee* them, they would chuſe rather to return into their mothers *wombs* again, as *Pliny* relates of an *infant* of

of the City of *Saguntum*, that *year* that it was taken by *Hanibal*, then venture to come forth into so *miserable* a *place*; and therefore *man* is not unfitly said to be, *animal* φιλοδάκρυ, a *weeping*, or according to the *word*, a *tear-loving* creature, (as it is *elegantly* exprest in that *Epigram*) set down by *Caussinus* in his Symbols.

Δακρυχέων γενόμην καὶ δακρυσας
αποθνήσκω;
Δάκρυσι δ' ἐν τολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὗ-
ρον ὅλον.
Ὠγένος ἀνθρώπον πολυδάκρυτον;
ἀσθενὲς οἰκτρὸν!

Sum natus lachrymans, lachrymans moriorque, peregi
In lachrymis vitæ tempora longa meæ.
O Genus humanum miserum & lachrymabile!

Let us *consider* again, that although *Love* be the most *excellent* thing in this *world*, yet here it is but *imperfect*, being *subject* to a *thousand hopes* and *feares* and *discontents*; and likewise *Beauty*, to how many *casualties* is it *obnoxious*? how soon doth a little *sickness* blast it, and the *pride* and *lustre* of it is *gone*, and the *flower withered*? Or

suppose

ſuppoſe it *exempted* from theſe *misfortunes*, yet at laſt comes *old Age*, and quite *conſumes* it, not leaving ſo much as a *ruine* to tell that *Beauty* had there *once* her *habitation*:

* *Theocrit. Eidyll. 25.* Καὶ τὸ ῥόδον καλόν ἐς· καὶ ὁ κρίνος· ἀλλὰ μαραίνει.

But in the *World to come* as our Saviour told the Sad-
* *Matth. chap. 22. ver. 30.* duces: (albeit * they neither *marry* there, nor are *given* in *mariage*, but are as the *Angels* of *God*,) there **Love** is *eternal*, and *Beauty* ever *youthfull*, alwayes *young*, and perpetually *green*, (as the Poets

fancied the *Elizian fields* to be,) and therefore the *Apoſtle*, when he comes to ſpeak of thoſe *joyes*, and that *place*, he give us but a *negative deſcription*, which * neither *Eye* hath *ſeen*, nor *Ear* hath *heard*, nor hath it *entred* into the *Heart* of man to *conceive*; for of an *affirmative* one we were not *capable*. No (may ſome ſay?) why what is there that hath any thing of *beauty* or *delight* in it, that the *Eye* hath not *ſeen*? hath it not *beheld* ſuch and ſuch moſt *raviſhing* and *beautifull* obje&s, as *lovely* and *beautifull perſons*, *fair* and *goodly proſpe&s*,

* 1 cor. chap. 2. ver. 9.

pects, *ſtately* and *magnificent buildings*, *pleaſant Orchards* and *Gardens*, *flowrie fields*, *ſhady Groves*, *clear Fountains*, ſoft *gliding Rivers*, *murmuring Brooks*, the *Heavens* ſpangled and beſet with *twinkling-Starres*, *ſweet Evenings*, *bluſhing* and *roſie Mornings*, and a thouſand other moſt *glorious* and *pleaſing ſights*, and is *Heaven* like none of theſe? I anſwer, no; it *falls* not within the *proſpect* of this *ſence*, *Eye* hath not *ſeen* it, nor any thing, that reſembles it. Yea, but notwithſtanding it comes not within the *view* of this *ſenſe* of *ſeeing*, yet *poſſibly* the *Eare*, that hath

heard

heard ſuch exquiſite *variety* of all ſorts of *Muſick*, ſuch *ſublime* and deep *learned diſcourſes*, that hath had *derived* and *conveyed* to it, ſo many *primitive* and *ancient traditions*, may have met with ſome *ſtrain* ſomething like it, or at leaſt may have *heard* ſome *tidings* of it. No, it fals not under the latitude of this *ſence* neither, *Ear* hath not *heard* it: yea, but yet *notwithſtanding* it falls not within the *knowledge* of the *ſences* which are *corporeal*, yet ſurely the *Underſtanding*, which is *inorganical* and *incorporeal*, and which needs not the *ſupport* of theſe *Crutches*, but is able

to

to ſubſiſt & act without them, may be *able* to *find* out and *diſcover* what *kind* of *place* this is; for we ſee we are able to *conceive* a great many things which never *were*, nor *ſhall* be, much more then (as one would think) this, which we are as *certain* is, as we are *uncertain* what it is; by this we are able to *move* from the *Center* to the *Circumference*, and back again in a *moment*, we can *dig* as *deep* and *low* as *Hell*, and immediately *ſoar* againe above the *Stars*: and although there be in every *thing* that we have *ſeen* or *heard*, ſomething that *diſpleaſeth* us, for even the *ſweeteſt*

teſt Muſick is not without ſome *diſcord*, and the moſt excellent *Beauty* hath its *nævos*, and its *blemiſhes*, and (as the *Optiſts* tell us in their *Maxime*, that *Omnis viſio fit per Pyramidem*, that every *thing* that we *ſee* enters into the *eye* by a *ſharp angle*, like the *Cuſpis* of a *Pyramid* (the *object* making the *Baſis*) ſo that it may *ſeem* to *prick* as it *enters*, as *Alexander* ſaid the *beauty* of the *Perſian Ladies* did the *Macedonians*, ſo that it made their *Eyes ſore* again; ſo me thinks, *every object* hath in it *really* ſomething of that *figure*, ſomething that is *ſharp* and *pungent*, ſomething that

prick-

pricketh, and is *diſtaſtfull* and *ingrate*; and yet nevertheleſs, we are able by our *Vnderſtanding* to *ſever* and *abſtract* whatſoever *diſlikes* us, and to *retain* onely ſo much as *pleaſeth* us. I ſay, by our *Vnderſtanding* we are able to do this; *ſure then*, although we never *ſaw* nor *heard* of them, yet we may be able to *conceive* the *joyes* and *pleaſures* that are there. Why no, not thus neither; it hath not *entred* into the *Heart* of man to *conceive*. Why then let us be *ſatisfied*, and reſt *aſſured*, that they are beyond the *perception* of our *ſences*, and beyond the *fancy* of our *imagi-*

nation,

nation, and *apprehenſion* of our *Vnderſtanding*. Seeing therefore then, that we have ſo *excellent* a *Reward* propoſed and ſet before us, let us with all *humble earneſtneſs*, *contend* thither, *qua non paſſibus itur ſed affectibus*, whither with our *feete* wee cannot come, they are too *ſlow*, and too *heavie*, neither is the *way* at all *pervious* to them; it muſt be the *wings* of *devout* and *pious Affections* that muſt *bear* us thither; it muſt be *Love* by which we muſt be *carried* thither, *love* to *God*, and *love* to our *Neighbour*; for no man (ſaith *St. Iohn*) *loveth God*, and *hateth his Brother*:

ther: and he gives an *excellent Reaſon* for it, for * how (ſaith he) can he *love God* whom he hath *not ſeen*, and *hate* his *Brother* whom he *hath ſeen*?

* 1 *John chap.* 4. *ver.* 20.

O Lord, which art the *true* and *perfect Love*, *kindle* in our *Hearts*, we beſeech thee, the *love* of thy *ſelf*, and thy *perfections*. Let our ſouls *aſcend* thither upon the *wings* of *Faith* and *Charity*, whither *otherwiſe* we cannot come; let us *die* unto this *World*, that we may *live* unto *Thee*; let it ſeem *bitter* unto us, that we may *taſte* no *ſweetneſſe* but in thee. O Lord, we have had *abundant experience* of the *Vanity* and *Falſeneſſe* of it, we have ſought for *contentment* and *ſatisfaction* in it, but we have not *found* it, we have

wan-

wandred up and down in the *wayes* of *Wickednesse*, but we have *found* no *rest* for the *soles* of our *feet*; and now at *last*, that we are *weather-beaten*, and *weary*, now we are *forsaken* of *every thing*, we *come* unto *Thee*. As long as *any thing* would *receive* or *entertain* us, we *cared* not, we would not *return*, and *therefore* thou *mightest justly* now *deny* us *admission*; but yet, O *receive* us, for *his sake* who is our *Peace-maker*, and hath *purchased* it at so *dear* a *rate*, even with the *effusion* of his own *most precious Blood*, *Jesus Christ* the *righteous*, our *blessed Lord* and *onely Saviour*. AMEN.

FINIS.

D
A 3544

82247

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION